

RESTORATION



Vol. IV.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JUNE, 1951

No. 7.

Return To Austerity Red China Victim Begs

Father B—, I've been sitting here for some minutes thinking, and the task I've set for myself appalls me. In one letter how can I possibly answer all the questions I know are on your mind? It can't be done by a letter; it's a matter for the give and take of many evenings' conversation. Where could I find words to make you understand what is happening? It's literally too fantastic for words. Do you remember the cartoon serial that ran in the "Catholic Digest" some months ago, entitled, I believe, "Is This Tomorrow"? When I read it, I thought it a bit far-fetched, but I know now that it didn't even approach reality. The ease with which the boys take over when the time is ripe for it leaves you stunned and speechless. The cool, cock-sure confidence with which they go about establishing the rule of Communism sickens you. At least 98% of the people are unhappy about everything that's happening, but it doesn't express itself in opposition. Everyone acts like a mouse crouched between the paws of an evil-eyed cat.

Cat In A Mirror

For the past six months, life here has been a matter of ups and downs, of good days and bad days, the worst of the bad days being very bad. I had one two-week stretch of such days. I might describe it all this way: as a rule, I go along smoothly and peacefully for some time, and then, all of a sudden, someone reaches out of nowhere and whacks me over the head—just to remind me that I've been "liberated" and now live in a "people's democracy." On those days, I imagine that I stand here for a while with a surprised and puzzled expression on my face, like a cat who has just jumped into a mirror, before I can set off on another tack.

My freedom of movement is restricted, but I can move about in town. However, no one welcomes me into their homes, and most of the Christians greet me in an undertone out of the sides of their mouths. Still attendance at Sunday Mass is about normal.

The school is running with just 10 pupils less than last term—131 this term. We are not allowed to teach religion—nor even to gather the Catholic pupils after classes for catechism. In the light of the Pope's recent excommunication, I don't know how much longer the bishops will be able to permit us to continue with schools. They have become mere organs of Red propaganda. As I predicted they would (and that didn't take much sagacity), one of the first things the Reds do is to seize the country's educational system, both public and private, and direct it to their own ends exclusively.

The Peace of the Dead

The country's economic life is completely paralyzed. Traffic on the Yangtze is one evident proof of it. Be-

in Chinese hands; from here on, it's going to be a Chinese affair. Foreigners in this new set-up are just a handicap, though a few foreigners seem to be needed for a while yet.

No More Missions

Even if there will be a place for us here for a number of years yet, it will be in a subordinate and much humbler role. And we will



have to change our manner of life radically. At present, it seems even more than likely that the executors of the dictatorship of the proletariat will eventually appropriate all our decent missions and we will be pushed into sun-dried mud brick hovels. From now on, we will have to attract people by lives that literally exemplify the Gospel, pure and simple, rather than by a display of wealth or learning or what have you. Which reminds me that not long ago Pope Pius XII said: "The Church has greater need of witnesses than apologists."

Red propagandists are constantly telling the people: "Yeah, you say the priest does charity. He can well afford to. Look at him, living in a swell foreign house, eating three big meals a day, foreign style..." You know yourself that by American standards there is nothing exceptionally "swell" about either our houses or our food; but this is China, not America, and that harangue is making an impression, a very deep impression. Therefore...

Since I'm a Franciscan, my vow of poverty (as well as Canon Law) restricts me from OFFERING the house to them, but there are some things I can do, some things I've been waiting for an opportunity to do without being branded a dangerous radical (big coward, ain't I?). The Reds are giving me

The Bishop's House

Pembroke - Ontario

To the Staff of Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario
My Dear Friends:

I am happy to know that you are contemplating this year another Summer School of Catholic Action in the quiet but healthful atmosphere of Combermere. The success which attended your efforts last year must have been a consolation, and is, no doubt, spurring you on to greater and more far-reaching results in the field of Catholic Action. True, as you say in your prospectus, those who will avail themselves of this integrated Catholic vacation in a secluded portion of this good earth for a few weeks, while not living exactly in the most spiritually arid or the most religiously desolate part of this hemisphere—Catholic Action is not something that is absolutely novel to the banks of the Madawaska—will however experience a way of life somewhat more primitive than that encountered in Summer Schools in our Colleges and Universities.

What the Western world needs today, above all, is the realization of a God-given mission—a mission worth living for and a mission worth dying for—and that mission, for Catholics, can only be the mission of the Lay Apostolate in Catholic Action. Unless we, who are still outside the Iron Curtain, can manifest something akin to Communist zeal in propagating the Christian ideals of our way of life, unless we are ready and willing to live for and die for Catholic moral, social, and economic principles, then our civilization is going to pass away, as did the civilizations of past centuries, which were not so much destroyed by external aggression as by internal corruption, disintegration, and decay.

Catholic Action, which is merely the participation of the laity in the mission of the Church, is most necessary today when, as a result of secularism, society is growing ever more pagan. To achieve this tremendous result of bringing the human race under the rule of Christ, the clergy of the Church are handicapped without the assistance of an active laity, who, in all walks of life, will collaborate and participate in the Church's work, so as to make society Christian again. "The present time," says Our Holy Father, "demands Catholics without fear, Catholics who will find it supremely natural to confess their faith openly in word and in deed every time the law of God and regard for Christian honour demand it."

May the blessing of God be upon you in your endeavours. May those who follow your courses and lectures in Catholic Action not only intensify their own spiritual life, and deepen their own religious convictions, but may they go forth ready to contribute to America, the benefits which accrue to civil society from the due observance of the divine law and the zealous performance of Christian duties.

With every good wish and blessing,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

✠ WILLIAM J. SMITH,

Bishop of Pembroke.

April 10th, 1951.

that opportunity, forcing it mortification and penance.

upon me, in fact. I've dismissed, for example, the fancy foreign-style cook which I inherited when I came here (dismissed him with good severance pay), soaked the Sisters' nice coal range, which we had been using, in oil to protect it against rust, closed the foreign kitchen and our dining room, put away the silverware, bought some cheap chopsticks and moved over to eat with the teachers and students. Word of that got around town in no time, and you'd be surprised to see the immediate good effect it had on Christian and pagan alike. Now I'll have the courage to preach on Christian

No More "Luxury"

Some of those in Wuchang realize the need for such changes in our mode of life, but others, because they don't live as close to the revolution as we do, either don't see the need or are determined to wait until they are pushed into it. Sooner or later, the Reds will certainly do that. Even if Communism collapses, some of the things the Reds are saying are going to stick. That is very, very evident, and one of the things is criticism of the Church and churchmen. So, no matter what the future holds for us, we will have to get down to

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Canada

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Ours is the century of Mary the Mother of God. It is also the century of Catholic Action . . . of the laity's awakening to its apostolicity, its participation in the royal priesthood of Christ, and hence in the apostolate of the hierarchy.

Hundreds of years ago, when the "Church" was just a small group of apostles and faithful lay people, and while Mary was still on earth, how gently she must have encouraged the often worried and fearful little group! How she must have prayed for them to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! How they must have found in her, deep strength and infinite consolation!

It seems that, in a very special manner, she has resumed the mothering of the little groups of lay apostles that are growing so rapidly in one manner and slowly in another . . . who are yet weak, and frightened, and so much "alone," in so many places.

Behold her appearing now here, now there. France. Germany. Portugal. Italy. Here she weeps. There she pleads. Now is she stern . . . now gentle. Yet always she is addressing the laity . . . the mass of the faithful . . . asking for prayers, for sacrifice, for penance and works of zeal. It seems indeed as if she were so very specially taking us under the blue mantle of her love.

There is . . . there MUST be . . . a connection between the spread of Catholic Action and Mary's concern about our sad plight! Somewhere, soon, there will arise men of sanctity and learning who will give us the heart of this matter, explaining to us in words of love and fire the theological verities that merge the two.

But even the un-learned, whose heart is aflame with love of God, His virginal mother, and His beloved church, can see, be it ever so faintly, that Catholic Action demands from its followers and apostles, the living of a life that is rooted in reason deeply illuminated by faith, which directs the will toward LIVING . . . INTEGRATING THAT FAITH, utterly, completely, without compromise, into our EVERYDAYNESS . . . in business, home life, school life, and all the "market places" of the world.

In other words, Catholic Action means walking the royal road to Christ, lightly burdened, and guided by the light of the Commandments of God, the spirit of His counsels . . . and the precepts of the Church.

Yet we all know that this road is narrow . . . steep . . . lonely and at times frighteningly dark to our human eyes . . . bordered too, on both sides by dangerous precipices and deceptive swamps and quick-sands devised by the prince of darkness for our temptation and ruin.

It is here that the Lay Apostles of Catholic Action meet Mary. For . . . IN TRUTH AND IN JOY . . . SHE IS THE ROYAL ROAD TO CHRIST! Make her your guide . . . and at the sight of Her WHO IS THE WOMAN CLOTHED IN LIGHT . . . all darkness disappears, the devil is powerless.

THROUGH MARY TO JESUS . . . should be the battle cry of Catholic Actionists. How simple will the complex become under her guiding touch . . . how easy complete obliteration . . . how rich poverty . . . how exquisite prayer . . . how light penance and mortifications . . . how easy the hard.

Mary the Mother of Christ is also the mother of Catholic Action, which is but love of God, and neighbor in action. Let us love Mary much and well . . . and we shall love her Son . . . even unto death. If we do that, the restoration of the world to Him . . . will follow.

Let us start today . . . to go THROUGH MARY TO JESUS. There is so little time left!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

What is it that makes a book a best seller? How do you judge a book, or pre-judge it? What makes you buy it? Or what makes you go to some library and ask for it?

Do you pick your books on hunches, like some of my betting friends? Do you select them by the odds, the jockey who pilots them, the weights, the pedigrees, the color? Is it the book jacket that appeals to you? Is it the reviews you see in the papers, especially the big New York newspapers? Is it what your friends tell you? What influences you to read one book and not another?

You Needn't Answer

These are simply rhetorical questions, and do not require you to write me the answers. But, just the same, I am most curious to know. I am curious because of a book I have just finished reading — The Burned Bramble — and one of my own that has just been published, Fabiola.

The Burned Bramble was highly recommended to me by a very good Catholic friend. "It's the rave of Paris," he said. "All France is enthusiastic about it. It's a great anti-communist book. It's a splendid novel. You'll love it. They tell me that a lot of Catholic reviewers have already gone overboard for it. It will be a best-seller here."

I had never heard of the book. I had never heard of its author, Manes Sperber. But I had heard of Arthur Koestler, who praises it highly—at least on the jacket. So I read the book with something like amazement. Yep— with something like amazement — despite all the boring pages I had to wade through. I read it carefully, wishing I could skip the pages and pages of not-too-bright conversation. I wanted to read it thoroughly, to see what made my friend so enthusiastic about it.

And that's when I began to wonder about books, and what makes people read them and recommend them to friends.

Those Glorious Reds!

This book that is supposed to be anti-communist is a novel that attempts to glorify the first Bolsheviks, the ones who stirred up trouble all over the earth and put the Communist party on its way to world-wide conquest. Actually!

"I am fighting Soviet Russia in all its expressions for the same reasons which made me fight the Third Reich," Mr. Sperber says—on the jacket. He adds, "I have been driven by an almost physical need to write novels, teach psychology, fight Hitler and Stalin — in order to change the human conditions so that both of these ideals might come true." What does that mean? Do you know? I don't.

The book is full of psychology. Everybody in the book, even minor characters, psycho-analyzes everybody else. And what profound and ponderous piffle they produce! Listen to this. It's just a sample.

"Pull yourself together. Try to hope, and then you'll despair, which is normal. Can you hear what I'm saying?"

"You're right. I don't despair because I have nothing left to hope for."

Despair Equals Hope!

"But that's entirely ab-

normal! Only dead men or extreme psychotics lose their capacity for hope or despair, which incidentally, is the same thing."

That is Mr. Sperber's idea of psychology, I guess. Is it crazy? Or am I crazy because I think it's crazy?

I waded through four hundred and some odd pages of this, and through some vague bits of action, through brutalities, vulgarities, the shoddiest of shoddy love affairs — everybody in the book has the morals of a chipmunk — and through many lines of blasphemy, contempt of the Catholic church, lies, slurs against priests, and innuendos against all belief in God. I felt weary when I got through to the last page. I felt disgusted. I felt stupefied. I felt more bored than I had ever been by any book I can remember reading in the last fifty years. And I felt puzzled.

This is a book that is listed as anti-communist?



Nonsense! This is a book Catholics will like? A revolting idea! This is a good book by any standards? Then I don't know a good book when I see one. I am, therefore, shaken in my own ability to write a good book.

The Kiss of Koestler

I am glad of one thing, though. That's Mr. Arthur Koestler's endorsement of this phony book. "A work of exceptional depth and scope." A man who would endorse a book like that might tell you his friend, a con man, was a good-hearted soul, and that his check was perfectly o.k. He might, and he might not. Anyway, now I know all I want to know about Mr. Koestler. I don't have to read him.

So, Mr. Sperber's fighting Soviet Russia! What a line!

He's giving the incoming tide the contents of his water pistol. That's how he's fighting it. He's the moron who pours pails of gasoline on the burning building—to fight the fire. Gasoline is a liquid, isn't it? Only dead men or extreme psychotics would deny that. Use plenty of gas.

How can anyone fight Atheistic Communism with an atheistic book? How can anybody fight Atheistic Communism by attempting to glorify, or justify, Atheistic Communists?

Mr. Sperber says that's what he's doing. And Doubleday, the publisher, lets him say it—lets him say it to Catholics—lets him permit Catholics to think this is not an anti-Catholic book!

I Have A Choice

I would rather sleep in a cholera ward than have my name associated with the production of this book. I would rather drink pus. I would rather have a millstone tied around my neck and be cast into the depths of the Madawaska river. But Doubleday doesn't mind! I wonder if Doubleday isn't even proud of having its name imprinted on this

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The B's Corner

It seems passably strange — and yet is it? — that works undertaken solely for the love of God and, for His greater glory, have a way of growing so fast they burst all their seams.

Take us for instance. Four years ago we came to Combermere. Then Madonna House (the only fairly big house of six rooms in the neighborhood) looked enormous to us three, Eddie, Flew, and myself, the pioneers of this newest branch and province of Friendship House.

Today we have a large fifteen-room house named after St. Joseph, less than a half a mile from Madonna House, which we rent, and which we use to house the ladies who come to the Summer School. But notwithstanding its size, this has often been overcrowded in the past.

Besides these two, the needs of the work compelled us to build three cottages, St. Peter's to house the priests, St. Veronica's for young married couples, and Blessed Martin De Porres', which contains Eddie's den. (The man must have privacy to write, and since he has produced three books in four years it was a good investment.) I do not even feel like mentioning the woodshed, the ice house, the chicken coop, or the pig sty, but all these had to be built too.

Our Three Bedrooms

That brings us back to Madonna House. Its three bedrooms seemed more than adequate four years ago . . . Now . . . with two staff workers sharing one, and with our expectations of two more coming to occupy the second, we are crowded, for the rooms are really small. Should God bless us with one more staff worker (female) — and we ardently pray for the five more that are needed for the works of Madonna House — where shall we put them?

The answer is plain. We must build another cottage. But what of St. Joseph's and its fifteen rooms? Well, it is this way. It is a 125-year-old house, that was, in its heyday, an inn. It is impossible to heat it all in the winter, as it stands now.

Three downstairs rooms can be heated. Next winter they will be. For Phillip Larkin will live there. He is to be one of our new staff workers, and his specialty is credit unions. So he will be working at them, and helping our Rural Life Director, Rev. Fr. William Dwyer, of Madawaska.

Since St. Joseph's is on the highway, it will be an ideal place for him, easy of access, which is important in our rigorous winters.

We Want A Hospital

Two large downstairs rooms, I hope (oh the endless dreams of God's humblest workers, the lay apostles!) to convert into a four-bed lying-in hospital. The rest of the house costs too much to "winterize." So there you are.

That Staff Worker cottage is indicated. What a blessing that would be too. I could then change one bedroom into a dispensary, for there is a constant call on that service of ours these days. A corner of it could be made into a handicraft and sewing room — another urgent need.

But . . . where to get TWO (Continued on Page Four)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The pussy willows have become green leaves. In our flower beds the new growth of perennials looks promising. Our eyes can already see their beauty on the altar of our little church. We grow flowers just for that purpose. The grass is green with that unique shade that comes only now, in early summer.

The new bees that arrived so angry, and buzzing in their cages, from the far south, are now happily living in their hives. The fifty new chickens are installed in the chicken house of St. Joseph's and the two tiny pigs dash around gaily in their spring-cleaned pig-sty. Asparagus graces our table, for the bed we planted several years ago is now bearing well. The compost heaps that we were nursing so carefully through the last year are greatly depleted, for we used their organic richness on both the new orchard and the three vegetable gardens.

Beauty In Beans

Did you ever notice the peculiar beauty of a neatly dug, raked, and sown vegetable garden? I love its order and tidiness. Much back-breaking work goes into it, but it is so worth while. The Summer School crowd will enjoy freshly picked greens, radishes, and beans. So will we.

The five acres are clean and neat. The summer wood is piled, a yellow, freshly-smelling note against the green of the grass and the trees. All the cottages are newly painted within, and all the houses have been spring-cleaned, and are ready for occupancy.

It is exciting to get ready for youths, who will come from the U.S.A., and from all over Canada, to learn to know and love God a little better, under the guidance of saintly and learned priests.

Once more we give you the program of our 1951 Summer School of Catholic Action. There is still a chance to take part in it, for we have extended the registration to July first, just in case someone missed our announcement in the previous issues of this paper.

The first term will take place from June 30th to July 7th. The first term Rev. Father Eugene Cullinane, superior of the Basilian school in Rochester, N.Y., will take its topic—SPIRITUAL FOUNDATIONS OF CATHOLIC ACTION.

Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

Pat and Mike, our friends, met at Mike's place the next Friday night, along with a fairly large group of neighbors, men and women.

The atmosphere in the farm kitchen was a bit strained. People sat around the large table, for the most part in silence, yet betraying an attitude of curiosity and expectancy.

Ahem, He Says

The eyes of the women (Ahem! As is usually the case) took in every minute detail of the spacious room. These observations were stored up in the memory, not for the same reason that would have influenced boy scouts, but for future criti-

The second term of July 7th to July 14th, will be given by Rev. Father John Callahan, director of the Diocesan Catholic Woman's League, also of Rochester. THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST IN ACTION, is the theme.

The third term, July 14th-July 21st, is under the guidance of Rev. F. L. Eschweiler, of St. Michael's parish, Kewaskum, Wisconsin, former professor of theology, at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. THE MASS LIVED is his topic.

The fourth term of July 21-July 28th, THE ROYAL ROAD TO GOD, belongs to Rev. Roger M. Charest of the Monfortian Fathers of Bay Shore, N. Y.

For the fifth term we hope to have the Rev. T. Manning of the Catholic University, and the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. THE VISION OF THE WHOLE will be his to discuss. The date for this will be July 28th-August 4th.

And the sixth and last term, from August 4th to August 11th, is Fr. Angus Rankin from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S. If anyone can do justice to this important topic, he can.

The Bishop's Blessing

There will be other priests to take the seminars, and to help with the thousands of questions that each topic, brings up. All in all, it promises to be a good Summer School, and of course, the special blessing and approbation extended to it by our own good Bishop, William J. Smith of Pembroke, fills our cup of gladness full to overflowing.

Also, we have many tasks for willing hands to do. The wood lot needs continual cleaning. More planting has to be done, and the ground must be made ready for it. A whole box of handicraft awaits the willing workers. But study and work are not the only activities that will occupy those who come to Madonna House. Prayer and fun will also form their stay with us. There will be picnics, berry-picking parties, sing-songs, square dancing, swimming, boating. It should be a good holiday, and, we fervently hope, refresh body and soul, mind and muscles.

It should also, we pray, help to restore men and the world to Christ. So if you would enjoy being with us... write now. It would be such a joy to welcome you to Madonna House.

cism or admiration, as acquired habit would dictate to each individual's way of handling the law of charity.

Mike broke the ice with a few witty pleasantries, mostly directed at his good wife, who was a past mistress at turning the joke back on her husband. This amused the men who were taken in by Mike's simulated discomfiture, and drew applause, from the women who delighted in the triumph of one of their sex over the autocratic male. Tension eased in the gathering, and a spirit of good fellowship pervaded the place. All now seemed ready for the question.

The ceremonious lighting of Mike's formidable looking crooked pipe was Pat's cue for a stealthy approach to the local problem, about which both old farmers had

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FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

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book.

And Fabiola? The Catholic Literary Foundation has taken it for its "book of the month," to be issued in June. Therefore it is sure to sell from ten to fifteen thousand extra copies. I do not imagine it will ever attract the readers the Burned Bramble will. Every pink in America will want that book; and every punk reviewer in New York will praise it.

Cardinal Wiseman wrote Fabiola a hundred years or so ago. I simply tightened it, edited it, rewrote it, told it in a modern way. It is still the story of Christian martyrs in the third century; and a great contrast to the shameful tale sired by Sperber and dammed by Doubleday.

But the friend who recommended the Burned Bramble to me refused to read Fabiola. "I just can't," he said. "I simply cannot read about Catholic saints being put to death. You'll have to bear with me. I'd like to read Fabiola, because you wrote it. But I can't."



Modern Commies

Yet he reads the papers, and knows—he must know—that thousands of Catholic priests and nuns are being put to death today in various parts of the world by the same sort of men Sperber says are heroes—the same sort of men we are fighting in Korea.

There is as great a persecution of the Church today as there was in the third century, or even a worse persecution.

I wonder if the publishers of the Burned Bramble realize that, through one of their authors, they are speaking against the Church the same words that are being spoken against it in Hungary, in Yugoslavia, in Poland, in Russia, in China, and in other atheistic countries.

I wonder how many Catholics will tell Doubleday what they think of this? I imagine not many will take the trouble. Catholics are like that.

The martyrs in Fabiola die joyfully for Christ. There is no joy whatever in Sperber's work. His characters go to their deaths whining, protesting, screaming, or in dumb despair. They live like beasts. They die like beasts. They betray their own countries for Bloody Joe. And, naturally, Bloody Joe betrays them.

Now, we wonder, who's going to betray Bloody Joe?

Well, it won't be Manes Sperber, I should say. Nor Arthur Koestler either.

It will probably be his friend, the devil.

Fate Of World Hangs On Teaching Of Nuns

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister, Yes, I know, I missed answering many of your questions. Forgive me please, but again I have been going through a siege of doubts and darkness. Again the eternal question... what right have I to write to you, as I do? I a lay woman, of no importance whatsoever—how do I dare to counsel, to advise, even to seemingly criticize, at least by implication, you who stand so far above the likes of me, who are so utterly dedicated to God... so completely consecrated to Him!

Fear fills my soul, and I falter and skip a letter or two. Then come your letters, from many corners of the earth, encouraging me, asking me more questions, pointing out to me, that even as I see in the many of you, who write to me, one collective nun... so you, detect in me, the "collective voice of the laity." To you, I am the former pupil... the present mother. I am, you say, that inarticulate mind of the laity that so seldom speaks outright or face to face... but which often wonders, and ponders about so many things it senses without expressing.

Hope You're Right

I hope this is so. I hope too, that the priests who advised these series, these public answers to your many questions, are right... they must be. So here I am back again... answering... in fear, trembling, and deep humility, wondering if these letters will be of help to you... for the common good.

Into the hands of Mary, the laywoman, I place them, asking her to help me write them purely in a spirit of love and service.

Today, I want to talk about the lay apostolate of Catholic Action, so strangely important in our days, and which God placed in your holy hands to impart to the soul of youth under your care. Another sweet but heavy burden for you to carry!

Do you realize its importance, dear Sister? Do you comprehend its depths and heights? Do you recognize in this modern version, the age old apostolicity of the whole "Church"? Remember? The Church is US, THE LAITY, as well as the priests and bishops ordained and elevated to SERVE US AND LEAD US TO GOD OUR FINAL END, embracing you the dedicated ones, who lead the way—and offer yourselves as victims for our shortcomings. It is, though, well to remember, that the LAITY also are called to be apostles... and always we were, from the dawn of Christianity.

A Lost Truth

The great tragedy of our times has its roots in the fact that for a while this wondrous and immense truth was lost sight of... and that under the duress and stress of the tragic Reformation, the laity was relegated to a secondary place... and lost the vision of its apostolicity, its duty, and its right of participating in the apostolate of the hierarchy... lost too the knowledge that they in their fashion were part of the Royal priesthood of Christ.

It is up to you to bring back all these wonderful truths. Unswath them from the wrappings they have been covered with for the last four hundred years. Clean and polish them, and present them anew to modern youth, so hungry for God and the things of God, so brave, yet so cynical and so bewildered and so lost in

the maze of all the "isms" that encompass it that they do not see that only one of them matters... and that is CATHOLIC-ISM!

But Catholicism lived to the hilt... utterly... passionately... without compromise... daily... everywhere... at home... at school... in business... in all the market places of the world! Not the diluted, passive, lip-service, moderate, emasculated Catholicism that has been passing for the real thing for so long.

Ready? Then Go.

Are you ready? It will mean an examination of conscience on your part. It will mean shedding those sentimental sugar-coated ideas that for centuries have cloaked the stark naked simplicity of the Gospel teachings of our Lord. It will mean virility, that is bought at a high price. It may mean revising the whole way of teaching religion. It will also mean a tightening up of one's own easy ways.

But even before all this, it will mean a thorough going over of all one's acquired and preconceived ideas about the laity... its "place" in the whole structure of modern life and that of the Church. It will mean setting a rather old house in order.

It will also bring in its wake, a clearer definition of the loosely-used word... VOCATION. For youth will demand, clearly stated, unconfused, simple principles.

Two vocations are today clearly understood and defined... THE PRIESTLY ONE... AND THE ONE TO RELIGIOUS LIFE. It remains for you to bring forward, then, in all its pristine and austere beauty... the vocation to MARRIAGE, of which I spoke in my last letter. And it also is yours to show that there is the vocation to a SINGLE LIFE IN THE WORLD.

Shining Sanctity

Both these vocations are capable of producing blinding, shining, sanctity that could and would take away one's breath... IF AND WHEN they were more clearly taught... more carefully explained.

For it is from them that CATHOLIC ACTION gets its apostles and disciples... so urgently... so tragically needed in our dark days.

What is your present attitude to both of these great vocations? Especially to the SINGLE LIFE IN THE WORLD? Do you see it in all its beauty and greatness? Are its infinite possibilities overwhelming you?

Do you pass on these new and shining ways of serving God in all their fullness to your pupils? Or are you, yourself not sure... dubious about it?

That is the question I must pose to you in this my first letter on Catholic Action and its vital apostolate.

In the next letters there will be more important questions asked, and I hope you will have the right answers to them.

In the meantime let us pray over these, you and I. For on our answers, strange as it may seem, depends the fate of the world... and of the Church militant for the next hundred years to come.

ABOUT OUR FLOOD

By Dorothy Phillips

All day one April Saturday, Combermere kept watching the river, and so did Madonna House. For it was rising.

Perishable goods had been moved up to higher shelves in the basement and all was considered reasonably out of harm's way. But, as darkness crept in, so did the seeping water.

Damp Heckles Stoeckle

We had not bargained for the rapid rise that occurred. Within two hours the water pump was endangered. Louis Stoeckle, our very helpful volunteer was, unfortunately for us, visiting his family in Toronto. So, conjure up in your minds the picture of three females scurrying around in ankle deep water, raising boxes and even the washing machine.

Monday Louis arrived. That short sentence implies much more than it seems to. To put it bluntly the struggle without him would have been much harder indeed. Besides he's taller than we are. The first day he wore his own rubber boots. The second day he borrowed Eddie's which are higher. On the third morning he appeared in hip boots. Sadly, that afternoon he removed the hip boots, poured the water out and announced that all was safe.

April can be chilly, particularly with a furnace stoked with ice water instead of wood. I had never realized how much water is needed in a household, but I found out the next day. The outside pump by the chicken coop seemed but a short distance from the house. By five o'clock that afternoon, with the last two full pails dangling from my hands, the trip back from the pump was a trek indeed.

The rural apostolate is romantic you say? But, we city bred folks just don't know. I tried to visualize priming the outside pump and carrying water at forty below. Whereas before, it had seemed thrilling it was now too grim a thought to dwell on. Let's face it, city people can't take it like those who were brought up on it.

It Was Wet, Brother!

The Belle Rapids dam broke. The waters came on. We spent a day pumping to keep it at its present level. Some houses in Combermere were completely surrounded by water. Many were flooded worse than we were. St. Mary's Convent's water, heating, and electrical systems were put out of commission. Roads became impassable.

B is the only nurse hereabouts, so we waved her, Louis, and the nurse's kit, a fond farewell on a few occasions, as they rowed away down the river.

Father Pat Dwyer, our parish priest, arrived one day looking for tools to disconnect our hot water tank. He then proceeded to do the job. It was so nice to be able to put enough fire on to cook, heat water, and keep the kitchen warm!

A few days later he came with a more powerful pump than we had been able to obtain. All afternoon the pump went. The doors remained open, for the gasoline fumes filled the house. But, Deo Gratias, the water was drained out of the cellar. The next day it was up three feet!

Slowly, a few days after this, the water started back to its normal home. It's energy spent on its outward jaunt, it seemed just too weary to leave.

RETURN TO AUSTERITY

(Continued from Page One)

a much simpler mode of life, and anyone who intends to live in anything even approaching the standard of living in the Province had better stay home. The same holds good for expensive hobbies, like photography, for—well, we're just going to live like the LOWER middle class Chinese (teachers, etc.) at the highest, and most likely a lot lower. I might be wrong, but that very clearly is the handwriting on the wall at present.

If you can find a good-natured typist in Wichita, have a few copies of this letter made. I'm sending a carbon copy to my people in Detroit, but I'll let you take care of the others who might be interested. By all means, send a copy to Fr. Provincial. For the rest, plead with every one you meet to do his utmost to see that it doesn't happen there—to remove the breeding grounds of communism—social injustice, racial discrimination, materialism. Remind them of the Pope's intention for August, 1948: "A return to the austerity of the Christian life." Remind them of the message of Fatima: the need for prayer and penance. There is no other hope.

Fraternally—Z.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

THOUSAND DOLLARS? That's approximately what it would cost to fix up the little hospital. It would be handy for young mothers of the neighborhood, and for those who live far away, in the hills, and who often have such a hard time getting any one to help them.

That's approximately what it would cost to open the hospital, and to build the extra cottage.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS... A mink coat sometimes costs that much. A trip to Europe ditto. It is a lot of money here. Yet there are places where TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS will bring but passing pleasures. Have I a right to beg for this immense sum? NO... not I... except for CHRIST'S SAKE.

And for His sake, I do. Humbly. Reverently. Full of faith.

I place these dreams in the hands of His Mother... who is also the mother of all whom we try to serve... and mine. FOR CHRIST'S SAKE... TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!

A Seminarian Views The Lay Apostolate

By Charles Conroy

For centuries lay Catholics seem to have been prevented by historical forces from exercising their full role in the Mystical Christ. Now, under Providence, the world has been united in a material way, and at the same time has been made conscious of its spiritual emptiness. Salvation is in Christ, Who works through us, His church. Now is the time for Action!

A seminarian's view of the lay apostolate first takes in the doctrinal background. Three of the seven sacraments which our Lord instituted confer indelible "characters," and give us specific functions to perform in Him. These are our proximate basis for an understanding of the apostolate.

Life Of Grace

The first sacrament, Baptism, gives us the tremendous life of grace; it also gives us something Adam did not have, nor the angels; a participation in the priestly office of Jesus, so that we can share in His sacrifice. When the mark of Christ is again printed on our souls in the second sacrament, Confirmation, we assume personal responsibility for the salvation of others; we "come of age" in God's family. Our lives, more closely united to Christ's, are empowered to dispose men for grace.

The third "functional" sacrament, Holy Orders, confers the priestly function in the strict sense, which consists in fuller identification with Christ, the Priest; offering the incomprehensible sacrifice of Calvary, dispensing grace. This vocation is built upon the other two.

Thus the lay apostolate (in the sense of lay people taking an active part in the mission of the Church) is the essential duty of all baptized and confirmed Catholics. It does not have to be organized, though the special needs of today require some kind of organizing for effective work. It does not have to have an express mandate from the bishop, though this is needed for "participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy," in the strict sense, and will become more common as the lay apostolate progresses.

Needs Of Our Times

This dogmatic background is familiar to us seminarians, and we also have learned, by the printed word, of the special needs of our times.

We have read the encyclical letters and many wonderful books which have blessed and inspired the apostolic efforts of the laity. We know that on this continent as well as in Europe there is a gap between priest

and people which can best be bridged by organized lay people.

We know that priests and laymen are mutually dependent, and that closer unity between Christ's members in work and in worship is the manifest will of God.

In vacation time many of us have had opportunities to take to the open road. We have experienced the happy zeal of Friendship House staff workers and volunteers, the rebirth of Christian culture in the people of Grailville, the simple love and diversified thinking of the Catholic Workers.

Eyes To See

We have gone to liturgical and cooperative summer schools, investigated Rural Life and Cana conferences, met J.O.C. and Christian Family groups. In general, we have had short-term contacts and have made long-term friendships with many kinds of lay apostolate groups. We have deliberately gone out to meet people and tried to understand the various forces at work in their lives. Working in factories and summer camps, meeting Alcoholics Anonymous, Catholic artists and authors, conferring with C.A. chaplains and fellow-seminarians, have all helped toward this realization.

Ears To Hear

All such vacation experience has had the effect of increasing our appreciation for the vocation to which Christ has mercifully called us. Some of us are prevented from gallivanting whither we would by diocesan occupations in vacation-time, but in this case the fruits of first-hand experience are shared back in the seminary and the less vagrant seminarians contribute a spirit of "festina lente" to their more visionary brothers.

In the seminary itself there are usually study clubs or informed forums which keep our interest in the lay apostolate lively. These groups usually concentrate on one part of the objective: they may be Liturgy groups, or Rural Life, or Labor, or J.O.C. study groups, or preaching clubs and many such particularized preparations for leadership in the apostolate.

(To be Continued)

FIAT

Warm fireshine modelled them upon the walls.

Good Joseph's head bowed over plane and plank, Hers, over Him warm cuddled in her arms, Lost in the rapture in each other's eyes.

What did they see? Not only suffering and death.

Not only fear and blood and pain. 'Twas just the price.

Love is sacrifice, free-given.

God is All Love and Light and Truth.

Her eyes reflected His. All-knowing eyes.

The Handmaid of the Lord, also His Mother.

—Lavada Ward Strona

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page Three)

done some serious thinking. They both knew that the taint of individualism in their community might prove a big stumbling block to their plans.

Says Pat: "You two, Mike and Maria, remind me a little of Goliath, the giant—that's you Mike (only we all know you're no giant) and David with the sling-shot—that's you Maria."

The Right Spot

"The Bible tells us that Goliath used to throw his weight around a bit, but David with a well-aimed pebble from his sling put the big fellow out of business, easily. He picked the right spot, of course, and landed the pebble there. Mike has been throwing his wit around, but Maria has squelched him, with a well aimed retort.

"Folks, you all know that there is a menacing giant in the world. We call him Communism. Opposing this giant is the 'David' of Democracy (so called). The latter too, has a sling-shot—the atomic bomb. We on the side of Democracy pin our hopes of triumph in that bomb. Heh! Heh! Heh! There's a bug in the fence there, for how are we going to kill a spirit with a material weapon?

"Communism is a spirit—an evil spirit. In fact it's a way of Life."

"It's a hell of a life," broke in Mike, "if you ask any one who has escaped from it."

Horse And Horse

"You're right," continued Pat. "But is our side any better? Democracy is supposed to be a wonderful, happy, free passage over this earth, for us all. But where is it? I have not been able to find it. To my way of thinking ours is just a horse of another color. The Commies have a red horse. Ours is white—but a horse just the same."

"A dirty gray," interjected a neighbor. "One that you cannot find in a light fog."

"Our nag is supposed to contain the rule of the people, by the people, for the people," said Pat, waxing eloquent at the show of interest in the audience. "The only rule that I can find is the rule of the masses by the classes."

"Those who control the wealth of the nation tell the State how to govern. We in turn are regimented in almost everything—we are told what to grow, what to eat, what to wear, what to think about, sing about, dance about."

"Be the sweet Abbreviations!" exclaimed Mike. "And I have been wondering this while back, what gave me my 'game leg'! If it's true what you say Pat, we've all been goose-stepping in the real old 'chain gang'—just as much as any deluded zealous galoot of Communism. That beats all!"

(The meeting continues next issue.)

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